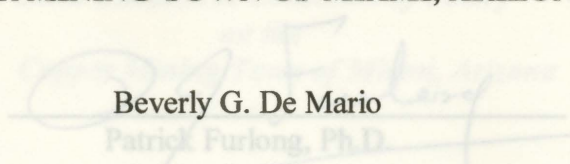
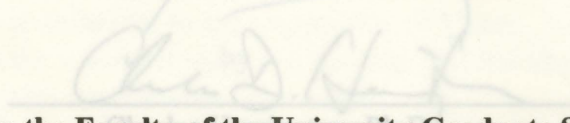


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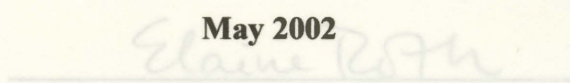
**IDEAL CLIMATE: A COLLECTION OF POETRY
ON THE
COPPER MINING TOWN OF MIAMI, ARIZONA**


Beverly G. De Mario

Patrick Furlong, Ph.D.


**Submitted to the Faculty of the University Graduate School
in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree
Master of Liberal Studies in the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences
Indiana University South Bend, Indiana**

Monica Tetzlaff, Ph.D.


May 2002

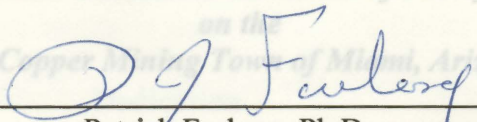
Elaine Roth, Ph.D.

April 30, 2002

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Ideal Climate: A Collection of Poetry

on the
Copper Country Town of Miami, Arizona

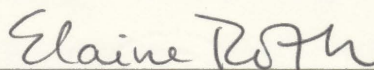

Patrick Furlong, Ph.D.



Charles Harrington, Ph.D.



Monica Tetzlaff, Ph.D.



Elaine Roth, Ph.D.

April 30, 2002

***Ideal Climate: A Collection of Poetry
on the
Copper Mining Town of Miami, Arizona***

Dedication

Ideal Climate is dedicated to the community of Miami, Arizona which has taught me the values of meaning, naming, and the importance of memory by which these poems exist.

Beverly G. De Mario

Introduction

Acknowledgments

Dedication

Ideal Climate is dedicated to the community of Miami, Arizona which has taught me the values of mapping, naming, and the importance of memory by which these poems exist.

Introduction

Acknowledgments

My appreciations to Monica Tetzlaff, Elaine Roth, and Charles Harrington who graciously accepted and encouraged me to focus my MLS project on Arizona...my deepest thanks to Consuelo and Antonio Chaidez who continue to support my poetic sensibilities and have patiently awaited my arrivals...to Delvan Hayward for sincere efforts to maintain communal memory...to Sue West at Naropa Institute in her constant inspirations...to Rebecca Brittenham for expressing a genuine interest...to Randy Coleman, Darlene Catello and Dale Gibson who have supported me as true friends in my greatest needs. All of these individuals and many more have assisted, directed, and supported my efforts to produce a collective work honoring the importance of place, metaphor, and communal imaging.

Introduction

All humanity has a deep need to understand not just each other, but the evolving image of the community to which they belong. Poetry, I believe, is the ideal vehicle by which to examine the inherited metaphors that result in that image: discipline, passion, resistance, and courage. Such communal metaphors can render apparently simple rural experience as a universal restorative element, in the process distinguishing specific sensitivities and sensibilities of individuals in that community. The poems collected under the title *Ideal Climate* examine the thematic metaphors of a community I know and love during a particular time of my own experience: the 1950's, 1960's and 1970's.

Because of the strength of the communal metaphors, the poems are developed through a community persona, a collective "we," in order to provide the emotive measure of the community's sense of its landscape, varied inhabitants, and collective industries. The use of communal images in these poems provides the reader and persona with a common bridge of experience, connecting surface images with unconscious acts of individual imaging. Through this sharing, the reader is encouraged to take part in the creative effort.

The poems in *Ideal Climate* are intended not only to challenge, but assist in providing a parallel examination of the reader's own perception of human fragility in a changing environment, whether external or internal. It is my hope that the reader will gain new awareness of the importance of the peripheral, and how boundaries must be crossed to prevent the persona from being reduced to a silent fleeting shadow on the landscape.

There are two distinct elements in these poems that determine the act of remembrance: one is preconception, the other is immediate examination. It is my intention that the poems will provide the necessary directives for readers to experience the inter-connective voices by which the copper mining spirit of Miami, Arizona has survived and may be restored. Because memory is an

important vehicle to incorporate and transform communal imaging in place and time, I have chosen to alternate the personas of a collective “we” with the individual voices of individual miners, prostitutes, ranchers, foresters, store-keepers, waitresses, cooks, and the children of this copper mining community.

In the 1950's Miami, Arizona produced three-quarters of the state's copper, but by the 1960's the ‘booming’ community was historically altered by a ‘bust’ economy. The town itself is set on the margins of its copper enterprise on the Upper Sonoran Desert, a setting with a flora and fauna as varied as the landscape and its inhabitants. Miami's elevation varies from 3,500 to 9,800 ft. at the base of Pinal Mountains Madera Peak. Pinal Creek meanders down the Pinal Range and through Miami. A series of bridges arch over the creek, joining Miami's major streets Sullivan and Live Oak, otherwise known as Highway 60, a major artery that links the eastern and western boundaries of Arizona. Miami is approximately 96 miles east of Arizona's capital city of Phoenix and 96 miles directly north of the city of Tucson.

As the Arizona Salt River Project oversaw the building of Roosevelt and Hoover Dams, an otherwise grueling journey over the Apache Trail was shortened by the Salt River Canyon Bridge, Queen Creek Bridge and Tunnel, which provided a modern and safer method of travel outside and into an otherwise isolated community. With this new access an influx of immigrants settled around the booming town of Miami, building hotels, bars, and churches. Miami soon became a multi-cultural center of activity.

Qualified quarry workers were paid passage from South America, Eastern Europe, Canada, Ireland, and Italy to mine silver and copper. The town soon was the richest in the state of Arizona in its offerings of labor and entertainment. Hardworking miners, ranchers, and loggers were provided various forms of entertainment in music and dance halls, theaters, a well-managed house of prostitution, as well as the independent off-shoot of prostitute cribs, and a variety of ethnic stores, steam-baths, and restaurants. Schools, hospitals, and a YMCA

were maintained and owned by the local Miami Copper Company. Various Union Halls and the Miami Copper Company store were the centers of activity.

Houses in Miami are balanced by stilts on the slopes of the surrounding hills, and communal pathways are etched to schools, stores, and the center of town. A stairway set at a thirty-degree angle is based at the town's main street level and anchored to the underground shaft of Miami Copper's Underground Mine. Miami is a town providing walkways which intertwine and meld the entire activities of its community. Paths lead up to houses which end at a neighbor's door. The town has placed a billboard welcoming all visitors, announcing an ideal climate with a mean average temperature of 78 degrees.

For this collection the ideal climate becomes a metaphor for the community, as Miami hovers between hot and cold periods of an acceptance of their boom and bust economies. The poems within *Ideal Climate* are the result of *looking back* to a childhood filled by the richly diverse elements of Miami's environment in the 1950's and 1960's. Having been a copper miner myself in the 1970's, I was able to trace my experience and celebrate the unusual opportunity to work in the original site of such a strong communal image. Once again I could be a miner, this time working the ore of a surviving metaphor.

In the opening poem *Coming Up 1700 Shaft* a copper miner laments the loss of his communal images as he meditates and spirals up to a surfaced level of recognition. The poems in the entire collection move from past to present, through paths of history, nature, and the activities of everyday life in a copper mining town. Miners surface from underground activities and the images of hard labor in *Antechamber*, *Fringe Benefits*, *Comets*, and *Pantomime*. The poems *Holy Trinity*, *Casualties*, and *Catching Raindrops* represent the relationships of the town's citizens and its prostitutes. Miami's children weave through the town activities in *Phantom Limbs*, *Little Hollywood*, and *Shrapnel*. Ranchers and Foresters announce the forces of nature in the works titled *Writing That Same Day*, *Free Passage*, *Coyotes' Element of Surprise* and *Passions of A Naturalist*.

The Grand Theater was a communal source of entertainment for Miami's children. *Dousing, Glass Canyon, Comparable Ranges* and *Working Outside the Home* consider the children's capacity to transform imaginative images in their coming-of-age as young adults. In addition, since Miami's community has been a location for many films and several of its citizens have become Hollywood actors, the poem *A Body of Land Forces* reflects on the phenomenon of so many actors from such a small town.

In the *Ideal Climate* collection, independent voices are woven into the collective "we" delineating communal legacy capable of balancing life and labor between past and present, grief and joy, embarrassment and celebration. In essence, these poems are a tribute to that communal and unified spirit of recognition, survival, and constant resurfacing of the strengths needed to overcome boom and bust economies.

Beverly G. De Mario

Films

The Baron of Arizona, Dir. Samuel Fuller. 1950.

The Bridge on the River Kwai, Dir. David Lean. 1957.

Frankenstein, Dir. James Whale. 1931.

The Night of the Iguana, Dir. John Huston. 1964.

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Go down the ancient waterway
 where particular hands
 knowledgeable
 measure the heights of drowning.

I say protect them:
 the disappearance of those trees
 gnarled shadows suddenly replaced by angled roofs
 -Neon is the inevitable image.

To say we have it
 the peaceable kingdom
 oh Lord don't bring us home
 up to inexplicable deaths
 pornographic exits.

What oh what is our obsession
 to entertain one continuous fire?

Yes, we'll burn in all that light
 follow the sounding shadows
 cross the territories of frightful mammals.

We'll trap the melody
 bring it to town
 take it to the House of Prayer
 let the flashing GOD of the doorway spread its light on the windows
 let the dogs
 the polished porcelain of their eyes snarl at us

Oh where is the **Coming Up 1700 Shaft**
that floats us up?

Go down to creek side
to the bridges west of town
Go down to Mackey's camp
to those glorious Cottonwoods
where the breath of crowns cascade the hills and us.

At once the hot July is holy
water steams
spreads from puddles.

Go down the ancient waterway
where particular hands
knowledgeable
measure the heights of drowning.

I say protect them
the disappearance of those trees
gnarled shadows suddenly replaced by angled roofs
-Neon is the inevitable image.

To say we have it
the peaceable kingdom
oh Lord don't bring us home
up to inexplicable deaths
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bring it to town
take it to the House of Prayer
let the flashing GOD of the doorway spread its light on the windows
let the dogs
the polished porcelain of their eyes snarl at us

Oh where is that magic air tube
that floats us up?

No company rebates
no company store.

Turn us in the tumbler
call out our names
we are down the 1700
drunk wide-stepped
water-well fanned
and spinning.

Caruso rose and faded among the Organ Pipe and manzanita

We hold our mouths open

file in the tunnels

reach the surface

of this—

to be scenic

a part of prickly pear

a part of the thousand night eyed

to crawl upward

to swell down those hundred steps

--to say we have seen all the greened bones.

As Francisa and Angelo held the oars of a shrimping boat

the water churned in armadillo iridescence

One wetted the maps of the Arizona territory

and as they rounded the Sea of Cortez

they circled what they held as the four peaks of Rome.

Mario Lanza had long replaced Caruso

Devil fish and octopi were offered up as folded books

Francisa and Angelo ate them voraciously tugging

at the edges of their teeth.

Francisa was picking rosemary and basil

Along the Tucson border they watched from their horses

Yaqui Indians harvesting prickly pear

bleeding crimson through baskets

down their backs and heads

through gathering hands

and these fruits split in offering a softness

filling Francisa's burlap bag.

the shadow of an mother's hand offering the sharpening stone

and the flower that grows through her dress.

Angelo The Stone Cutter

Angelo left the marble mines of Italy
to carve granite
out of the Superstition Range
between the convergence
of the Gila and Salt Rivers.

Angelo rode a burro along valley walls with a Victrola strapped to its back
the Victrola that he wound
spilled Italian opera

Caruso rose and faded among the Organ Pipe and manzanita

and the shrill squeaking of javelina

all fell in a connective posture

pyramidal shaped backs confined as one shadow

the burro

the javelina

pick and shovel.

Angelo married his first cousin Francisa
she resolved to name her children *Santina* and *Maria*
in memory of Columbus' ships.

As Francisa and Angelo held the oars of a shrimping boat
the water churned in armadillo iridescence

wetted the maps of the Arizona territory

and as they rounded the Sea of Cortez

they circled what they held as the four peaks of Rome.

Devil fish and octopi were offered up as folded books

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at the edges of their teeth.

Along the Tucson border they watched from their horses

Yaqui Indians harvesting prickly pear

bleeding crimson through baskets

down their backs and heads

through gathering hands

and these fruits split in offering a softness

filling Francisa's burlap bag.

Angelo forked for a well
dug for gold
picked and blasted granite for Roosevelt Dam
and the blasts were heard through the seven hills of Globe
the Dominion opening shaft
through Angelo's dreams
to stake claims in the upper Pinals of the Tonto Range.

Angelo carried his dam-issued axe and dynamite
stockpiled it the bunkhouse away from his children
away from the main house
kept a shotgun at his side when packing the burro.

The children were told that all the other ships Francisa had named
were sunk in her canal near the Equator
on the streets of San Francisco
and every night the other children imagined their father's digging
trying to lift them out of the depths of the canyons with sudden blasts
and trembles.

Angelo had hired Mexicans who hid in the high desert
between junipers and cedars
he made camp for them up the creek
served grappa as the Mexican families helped brand cattle
built a fence of Cholla.

One cold morning Angelo gathered up his dynamite
walked up the hill to dig for gold
the opera was playing out of the Victrola's shredded silk cornucopia
Mario Lanza had long replaced Caruso
and his voice strained
from the Arabian's back its tail strung in Mexican silver.

Francisa was picking rosemary and basil
her dress bundled above her hips
the children were shoving mounds of dough into the adobe oven with a shovel
and as she passed the ovens
her skirt caught on the shovel's square blade
and she tumbled under a showering of rosemary
needles pressed and twisted with the flames in her head-scarf
and the flames followed
the rivulets of an earlier labor of oiling the sharpening stone
and the flames burst through her dress

spilling and twisting threads
her legs folding under as squeezed pomegranates
and the children fanned around her
drew in through quick dashes of bucket water
wrapping her in doused woolen blankets
but the flames spiraled as a dust devil.

From the hill *Ave Maria* grew faint
as the children pulled their mother down
and the ground where she fell
remains scented with oil, rosemary and burned bread.

and we rise as praying mantises
our bodies bent under the shafts.
Magma forces us to strip our clothing
our bodies latticed with the powder of malachite and azurite
we appear as three-dimensional petroglyphs
signaling warnings
signaling recognitions
signaling our desires.
We interlock
the blasting crews long shafted drill
the hovered air hammer
the ascent of the ore car as a small tendon of our communal backs.
And here we wait patiently for the small tremor of our heart
to beat in this chamber
join with the ventral voice through the phone box
as it flashes its red dreamed warning
calling out our numbers
as we pull off from our sweated chests the metal tag
the numbering of our silent gathering.

Antechamber

He was not always quiet

Underground we have shared sleep with cairns of rosaries
snapshots of children
candles which somehow remain in flame
shadows of a thousand milagros
assume the postures of bent and shattered teeth.

with an air-hammer shaking his legs and hands

We move in the incandescence of these lanterns
names spilling in the rising silica
and we rise as praying mantises
our bodies bent under the shafts.

came up the dark shafts to rinse the silica from his hair

Magma forces us to strip our clothing
our bodies latticed with the powder of malachite and azurite
we appear as three-dimensioned petroglyphs
signaling warnings
signaling recognitions
signaling our desires.

crooking his fingers

We interlock
the blasting crews long shafted drill
the hovered air hammer
the ascent of the ore car as a small tendon of our communal backs.

he thought of fire

And here we wait patiently for the small tremor of our heart
to beat in this chamber
join with the ventral voice through the phone box
as it flashes its red dreamed warning
calling out our numbers
as we pull off from our sweated chests the metal tag
the numbering of our silent gathering.

never knowing it held such silence

but waiting for the word

gas.

We leave the air with a whisper of silver-white

we are disappointed

we are before

we are returning to the surface of the earth

Fringe Benefits

He was not always quiet
as a youth his lips quivered
he left home for war
returned without tattoos
or wallet-size photos of German girls
but worked deep-down in the mines
with an air-hammer shaking his legs and hands
he said it relaxed him.

Each year he learned to stand
to listen for the whistle
came up the dark shafts to rinse the silica from his hair
his face
and rush to the showers
sit nude and wash his partners back.

But in early evening he wandered the fence line
seeming to fumble for air
crooking his fingers
over the wire.

He whispered he could not sleep
that nights frightened him
he thought of fire
how the shovels lifted jagged teeth
clamped boulders spewed dust.

He thought of how he belly-crawled over bones
touched against spinal cords
against heads
clutched rib-cages and felt the opened mouth
never knowing it held such silence
but waiting for the word
gas.

We lance the air with leaves of Abor vitae
we are conquistadores
we are fathers
we are relocating our borders before curfew.

In the back end of pickups
we share *Nellie* red
orange **Phantom Limbs** wafers as sacrament.

At the USWA hall the clinking of projectors hurries our conquests
All night the mine has rearranged our dreaming
to collective bargaining.

We swing at pinatas and plastic horses fly
needled legs stiff in the air
we picket for wax tongues
and moustaches.

And we are work-in-progress
But we are intent on resurrections
the alpha dig a hole of our foreign names
knotting our treasures *red-Pegasus* 'coupons
static in the sulfur air.

In the *Ollie* move as mercury urgency
Ollie Ox *flipping* silver dollars as nerves
we hold *and Free.* and flip for spins
all face-ups free lunches.

We run though Glass Canyon
our mouths full of sunflower seeds
we break the shells on the edges of our teeth
loop in our precious salt
until raw.

Under sycamores *the moving houses down the thirty-three degree angle*
quince hang heavy *drowned itself in a bowl of water*
Valleri *as pencilled orders.* *like swallowing a lizard*

We take phantom limbs *ched over form*
bite again on our moustaches
pull scarves as beards. *attempted rattle.*

We lance the air with leaves of *Abor vitae*
we are conquistadores
we are fathers
we are relocating our borders before curfew.

Mario is making turquoise
In the back end of pickups
we share *NeHi red*
it's a *orange Crush* with *Necco* wafers as sacrament.

At the USWA hall the clinking of projectors hurries our conquests
we run down to Sullivan street
our fathers pressed against
our uncles of the company store window
our brothers all lean at the doorway
common in speech
common in currency.

All was purely conceptual
And we are work-in-progress
leaning to hear
the alphabetizing of our foreign names
for *Mobil winged-Pegasus*' coupons
and photographs of Rocky Marciano.

at the detritus
In the ring we move as mercury
lifting silver dollars as nerves
we hold the dollars and flip for spins
all face-ups free lunches.

It is Saturday
the Juke Box plays Mariachi
then Elvis
then Doris Day.

In Jerome they are moving houses down the thirty-three degree angle
Ballanger's turkey drowned itself in a bowl of water
Vallerio spotted a rattlesnake swallowing a lizard
we caught the half-way show
skin stretched over form
turning our thoughts silent
we praised the attempted rattle.

It is in the and reprises
They are selling ant farms at Woolsworth's
we see it archaic
insulting
Where can we put the trucks?
our labors sensible erasures.

Mario is making turquoise
we help dig stones out of tire treads
watch him pour glue and stir
it's a miracle.

Six o'clock and there are no shadows
we are frenzied
our bodies pressed against
the beveled edge of the company store window
escalating our split selves
we speculate the power of floating limbs.

All was purely conceptual
the lifting of absentee wires
the anticipating hand as an idea.

In the ditch
in the creek
at the detritus
the light solicited exorcized our urgency
of echo
of Hermes
of centipedes.

On Adonis street
pigeons engrave our yield
in the genesis of scattered bottles
the tumbling of God and Damn language.

Unsaid
the faltering of perfect climate instills the longing letter.

This is rare
flinched from vitalizing vanity
the women sweeping streets
a syllabus of passions
and reprises
as offerings.

Each day as a counter--argument
the blowing tailings dust is our measured dignity
our labors sensible erasures.

The Pinal creek floods
washes all as stones
as branches
as pontificating leaves of mesquite
sway in the current.

Here is memorabilia
a conveyor belt ripped in the overflow
a suggestive word
--arguable as a cleric.

All is temporal outside the sudden shaking ground
after the firehouse whistle
the constant blast on the body
is made whole again.

This is the desire
the patient necessity
our leisure to bask where every word falls
[Yo tengo.]

Mexican vultures are salutations in the distance
they whirl in their cauldron
privileged couriers of private emptiness
wing clamoring wing
reassuring updrafts.

These are partial surrogates
radio hour
Apache Mexican Yugoslavian
all commentary
all continuity
all generosity
worshippers of washers
discount loans and transitory housing.

It is in the dance hall where the tertiary shadow
of ourselves exfoliates under
the smelter pour
our infant shoes coppered
our infant shoes bookends.

And we are under-spell
 heart beating
 leg shaking
to the open skirts of the flamingo dancer
 her feet stomping
We are sounding as locusts
 it is then
we burst in the delicate seams of our waking
 feeling under the covers
 for our other.

And we all hold cigars up to our lips
 a dim redness joined
 in the oral laws
 as we exchange smoke
 and clove chiclets.

On the porch we lean back in the fisherman's net
 swing towards the wall
 rock off the banisters
 some of us painting toenails
 some of us combing beards.

In the dance hall below
 the radiant ark of Saturday's poster
 obliges our nights survival
 of rhumba
 of samba
 of sangria.

Still a palpable presentness
 rises in the folds
 of paper flowers
 hanging sheets
 and we miners seeking piety
 under the weight of shift change
 are forlorn in the shaft.

For Sunday
 is the ephemeral plea
 our articulated scripts

of tossed roses
of tossed kerchiefs
of spilled paper

Holy Trinity

We three are as old ghosts

We are humped together miners and prostitutes
in unending kindred postures
one hand a brown fan
one hand a poppy and watch.

And we all hold cigars up to our lips
a dim redness joined
in the oral laws
as we exchange smoke
and clove chiclets.

On the porch we lean back in the fisherman's net
swing towards the wall
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For Sunday
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of tossed roses
of tossed kerchiefs
of spilled paper notes.

Nearer the A Body of Land Forces

We three are as old ghosts
floating of meaning
In the j whispering each
whispering to each
spelling our names in silent desperation.

molten ore unspooling when blown through the airways
visual static. across a summer and back
at the South of western devil Dapay who protects the mines

In false earnestness
we return home
to occupy our body
the sprawled landscape.

Towards coincidence

towards signs we are drawn
as greetings welcome familiarity
ideal climate
land of copper
of prosperity
of ghosts
of hidden treasure.

This is Miami, Arizona
and we are extended on the story board
unpaid leaves of absence
the lingering sulfur tempering our breath.

Native inventory

As a subtext to breathing
a deep mantle stills behind our covered mouths
the glassy shimmering shrine of the shaft
heating the back of our necks.

For here we hold currencies

other languages
visas and mineral water
filtering ash assembled in the folds

of yard Madonnas
opened hearts pierced by fallen chinaberry.

A Body of Land Forces

a rumbling pushes the ore cart
underneath the elevator lifts

In the pouring surgery of the day
we harden lit in the drifts
remnants of slag
molten oreumping blue blood through the crosscuts
visual static.urgeons hammer and pick

at the South American devil *Supay* who protects the mines

In false earnestness bones shift and rise
we return home on work in the adit their right of incitement.
to occupy our body
Here on the sprawled landscape. deep! brasses

the crunched turquoise whisper with our fathers
Towards coincidence
towards signs we are drawn our dreams like Jell-O.
as greetings welcome familiarity
If we ideal climate
land of copper suck of spittle rises again
of prosperity each his promise
of ghosts edial the numbers of our thoughts
of hidden treasure.

our conversations are ordered outside
This is Miami, Arizona as matches to gas
and we are extended on the story board
unpaid leaves of absence as a cork the strategies pose
the lingering sulfur tempering our breath.eries.

So we take inventory
As a subtext to breathing rs from town
a deep mantle stills behind our covered mouths
the glassy shimmering shrine of the shaft
heating the back of our necks.

For here we hold currencies
other languages at the mining official subdivisions
visas and mineral water
filtering ash assembled in the folds
at noon announces awakenings.

Yet we of yard Madonnas
opened hearts pierced by fallen chinaberry.

Nearer the oasis of heat
a rumbling pushes the ore cart
underneath the elevator lifts
a minor surgery of the day
the vein split in the drifts
a raise pushed
the sump pumping blue blood through the crosscuts
the miners surgeons hammer and pick
at the South American devil *Supay* who protects the mines
his stiffened bones shift and rise
as women work in the adit their right of incitement.

Here one can sleep a genuine sleep
the crunched turquoise
malachite
azurite jeweled offerings of our dreams like Jell-O.

One by one we journey to the white pillared house
If we sleep the threshold and marvel at the photographs
if our infantile suck of spittle rises again
Supay will leach his promise
dial and redial the numbers of our thoughts
our party lines
our conversations
strike our bodies as matches to gas
as we loose balance
tumble through the shaft as a cork
easing our return of alchemic properties.

So we take inventory
the principle actors from town
Texas Marshall
Wonder Woman
Spanky of our Gang.

Spanky returns to Little Acres
a mock ranch past the mining official subdivisions
where curtains are drawn
where the clinking of ice
at noon announces awakenings.

Yet we toast Spanky
home from the snap of sound boards
script readings
Quiet on the set.

For we are extras
found in the westerns
in *How the West Was Won*
or *Geronimo*
found in the adventure
U-Turn
found in the comics
too many to mention.

Spanky's two sisters busy themselves in the dress shop
touching hands under folded brassieres
silk slips as they whisper with our fathers
agreed times for seances.

One by one we journey to the white pillared house
cross the threshold and marvel at the photographs
of Buckwheat holding the spot-eyed dog
Spanky all Hollywood white
no brown skin visible.

Candles are gathered as we are ushered outside
we jump on pogo sticks in the evening warmth
rocking our visions
the house caught in the twilight of the evenings pour
a dense pink stucco wavers towards magenta.

Returning inside the house
we help push wood in the stove's open grate
the kitchen's French doors jails us from our fathers
we gaze through the doors slats
a line of held hands under the table.

Angled we catch the slow movements of bent heads
loss of nerve
the sudden lolling
the sudden arch from unwanted sleep
almost all twins
each face vague as waxed fruit.

One sister raises her voice *Speak to us!*
it gnaws on each bowed head
as shadows drift slowly as deep riddled fish
Speak to us! of individual shredded wheat
the fish plunges deeper
dissipates
as we lift slightly in the tendril of candle flame as it brightly bursts
in the hurricane lamp.

We scurry for our fathers' helmets
work at pulling the visors down
Slowly pump them down and up
for cinema 3-D effects
for ghosts.
In a bowl a handkerchief is doused
foreheads are blessed
and we lean towards the sudden quiet voice of our father
our whole bodies splitting to the end word
treasure.

Maps etch in our minds
our routes to school
our routes to *La Paloma* for tacos
our routes to the miner staircase
the kneeling board at church.

We are crossing the cattle guard
the feed store
the postal office
Chubbuck's Dairy.

We are fingering the intricate etched postal boxes
turning dials past hundreds of numbers
we are sifting multiple grains through cupped hands
we are ordering chocolate milk.

One last syllable spills
we rummage the cupboards
we run our hands in the wringer washer tub
we replay *Queen For A Day.*

Our treasures found in cracker-jacks
found on the dream sickle sticks
found in double bubble
found on the miracle of individual shredded wheat
this sacrament we hold all to crisscrossing
chance shines in the solitary devotion
boom or bust nature's clarity
if not now when kneeling, even call out for their children
hopscotch.

Our continued ascension to hover towards the shaft
A chair creaks under the weight shift change
of a heavy traveler
of the dog let out of the photograph all events
of Buckwheat's hair straining on end off the frame
we all inherit the fallen burnt wood whirling
lift in the cold air our untangled fascinations
leaning towards each other like magnets
our thoughts clamped as metal against metal.

And yet all is stayed air with August poppies
will testing will comfortably solid
where our backs fill the hollowed posture
the possibility the table could raise equals our nerve
but nothing was dropped
nothing was picked up
no hand had loosened.

Crushed peaches
fresh figs lifted the still air of our imaginations
scooped and distilled as the hydraulic lift in the mine pit
eased for a moment
our entire patronage towards treasure
one sister lifting her arm
the other paused and swayed.

Bringing all back
the lifted bucket swivels sideways
pours the molten ore
a cast Volcano
spewing subdivisions
flowing through cradled sycamores
easing through the glass
of us

illuminating our profiles
shattering the final cut.

A litany knocks as summoned words
rise up in the committed dark
how all shines in the solitary devotion
the danger of nature's clarity
insisting on our kneeling.

Our continued ascension to hover towards the shaft
is to lift our fathers at the shift change
to sacrifice at the lines of our hands
the flexibility to bend flatness of small events
to bone against glass
to echo in the cable chained whirling
our free floating magnetized paths.

An almost private gyroscope backs upon itself
where the undulating final prayer for rain
sweetens the air with August poppies
where we are comfortably solid
where our backs fill the hollowed posture
of kitchen wing backed chairs
where we lean back home.

Upstairs some of us are clamoring
breasts upon chests
hands diving
stroking in helplessness
palms signaling in panache
savor the baptismal
bathing of miners
of bankers
of lawyers.

We lift in the shadows what differences women register
the lapses toward the simplicity of faces
our holding toward the shoulder
the smoothness of backs
indulged breath.

Causalities

Early evening as neighborhood women call out for their children
as matinee patrons stiff jointed
stagger past in rigid silence
heads bowed
as the butcher consoles attentive dogs with sawdust fat
as the banks draw their shutters closed
we are just beginning our labors.

This work resurrects us all
we gather in the bar
we gather in the dance hall
we gather at the bannister.

Some of us preen ears
wave back the hair
huddle as pairs
or as a daring trinity.

Upstairs some of us are clamoring
breasts upon chests
hands diving
stroking in helplessness
palms signaling in panache
savor the baptismal
bathing of miners
of bankers
of lawyers.

We lift in the shadows what differences women register
the lapses toward the simplicity of faces
our holding toward the shoulder
the smoothness of backs
indulged breath.

The marathon gaze of the cats reflect a grip as a forethought

We are called up in reverence an instant's recognition

how the body seeks its touch

we approach the transient references

angelic youths bed as contemplations.

lifting under the arms as turned upward

Our last as bankrupted passions uses the talents of patience

spill over the head until agreement. a pipers call

the scratch on the wrist the outbreak

Light filters around doorways of the mouth.

around hand-held mirrors on a prayer mat.

And we opened skirts and loosened levis.

Those in the body these tedious and sweet charitable gambles

All of us appreciate the mourn of early morning regeneration

the formidable Madam is a rock on the hill

offering diversion the incline bodies

bowls of adondigas wis

cornish pies protection in the confession of our thresholds.

Irish whiskey the sacrament

In these recesses instant credit. angels to lift our hearts

Our names Madres

These slight recoveries are occupancy

calio and red-dog cats girl.

drift after from room to room

These attendant to rustling ant burnings

kneading sheets with extended claws d

over sudden whimpers and purrs.

the musings of Holy Ghosts

One by one there is a sudden wreckage of reverie

of delirium a yearning stage

as confessions a sorrow in the sacraments of splayed connections

watchers a brief offering toward sympathy in the stillness.

helmets adjusted. and the phantoms a rest

The cats continue to mill

incensing their paths the track

backs arched the first direct surface

throats absorbing gathered nerves.

On pillows our hollowed ecstasies suffer our shape

we are coursed by papered radiance

shades less deliberate concentrate the hovered landing

of mourning doves

passenger pigeons.

The marathon gaze of the cats reflect a grip as a forethought
the evidence of tenderness
undressed without gravity
the boneless posture of our references
lifted from the bed as contemplations.

Our languished comfort expresses the talents of patience
expresses the love-bite on the lobe
the scratch on the wrist
the spittle at the edge of the mouth.

And we rejoin
in the body these tedious and sweet charitable gambles
to rise from supplications
simple prayers giving as a rock
blasted free from the incline
praising rejected howls
the practiced protection in the confession of our thresholds.

In these recesses we allow angels to lift our hearts
Our names *Madres*
Mother of Jesus
Some innocent girl.

These split hearts are constant burnings
secret and permanently opened palmed
offering swallowed awakenings
the musings of Holy Ghosts
hundreds of beautiful names
of delicate assemblage
as coats are buttoned
watches turned
helmets adjusted.
blasting a breather hole
our masks swelled to the mouth
our heads flicking to elect slowed embrace
to suck in the air this warmth.

These patron saints emerge

retreat **Pantomime**

Our under earth scaffolding
uncages rats their red eyes turned upward
they scurry past us
as a wreath of gas pantomimes all as a pipers call
we all undulated pushing the current
through shafts of fallen shovels
air hammers and drills cracking as pinyon nuts.

Through five miles of tunneling
we are under town again and our sudden regeneration
prompts the rats past centipedes on the rail
each clawing over their split bodies
one part running under
the other across beams and ties
jutting as bracelets as ornaments.

Snakes uncoil as apparitions
seemingly biting the tail
they curve in pairs
vertebrae upon vertebrae
etching the fallen shifting silica
and we follow in molten air
the voiceless cave-in.

Spittle of flames flash authority
dissipating our intent
to filter in the bowel
a fierce invisible fire
and women at the adit are plumbing a line
blasting a breather hole
our masks swelled to the mouth
our heads flicking to elect slowed embrace
to suck in the air this warmness.

Our chests heave Comets

These patron saints emerge
retreat in the grottos
as faith tumbles between us
an instant barometer of compassionate gathering
we push and pull
towards the altars of ladders.

The rats turn to study
twisting altitudes
puzzled by their shadows
stray spirits maneuvering
cartwheeling
tripling our feet.

At each level
we move as eels
sparking
rising in holes of electrical current
the Irish counting in thousandths
the Apache dribbling cornmeal
the Italians grinding teeth
the Mexicans minnow for all
forehead to solar plexus
shoulder to lip towards the surface.

Our leverage bristles
in the flattened absence
surfacing up as a rhyme
the pendulum tapering of hammers
as shovels receive the dust of malachite
glittering on our helmets as blessings.

Weightlessly we follow
the foreman's healing lantern
dispatching our locked gaze as mercury
lifted in the elevator shaft
the sinking rescue
the undertow of our nerves
whirling comets
our impacted Formica hearts fractured to Achilles heel.

Our chests heave **Comets**

There was enough visibility to pierce our outline
turbine fans blade on the shaft wall
the value and whorl of our shadows
clipped through overhangs.

This sense of balance
renovation is out of courtesy
to secure passage
our sudden mercies held in respirators
splintered fragments.

Mouth to mouth
the sheer splaying crystal
drilled at the hanging wall
vibrates the lung's bolt of weakness.

We brace at the knee
Jackhammers erecting the spine
haloed at the shoulder
the consolidation of ore bearing veins
sparking in the buckets
lifting timbers
displacing rails.

Our leverage bristles
in the flattened absence
surfacing up as a rhyme
the pendulum tapering of hammers
as shovels receive the dust of malachite
glittering on our helmets as blessings.

Weightlessly we follow
the foreman's healing lantern
dispatching our locked gaze as mercury
lifted in the elevator shaft
the sinking rescue
the undertow of our nerves
whirling comets
our impacted Formica hearts fractured to Achilles heel.

Our chests heave

winged and pulsating as downed quail
pressed to the forty degree angle

If you followed your body would will itself to fall

the illusion of circus mirrors
sawed women
roses and doves
pulled from hollowed sleeves.

These admonitions

the urge to count interior blows
repairs in the amber bottle
repairs in the dance halls
repairs in combination plates
are raised in the false surface
hovering in the formed word

Accident.

Our hands repair the damage

our silence brittled as parchment
the witnessing of danger
sentiments
tensions

all messages underneath the battered helmet
the sweatband merging with our fingerprints
all drifting over the impact
the hypnotic surface from the platform
our leaning in the grate
sensing the body turned in
the molten iron below the sump
below our houses.

Delicate bones unfold our lungs once again

all packed in this dimension
the opaque shadow prospecting
faithfully parted in the folded arms
stepping towards us at the stairways
our children touching
our cheeks
our ears
palming our chests
breathing with our breaths

the slight poignancy of magnetism

lifting
palming our shoulders drops
the petition of each
the mystery of surfaced air
the bleeding juice of pomegranates arched on the mouth
flinched in the stairwell.

under arched streets
under highway 60.

But we are quiet inside

We leap across splintered railroad trestles
hold our breath
each missing tie balancing our shadows
loosened in the open spaces
shucking wild bamboo.

At Bloody Tanks we pierce at the flat clash

And all of calvary
of Apache
Gerontimo illusively hovers at nearby *Apache Leap*
rifling through Superior's obsidian
we know he's still there
counting *Apache Tears*.

We are exploring

stop for iced cokes at Turner's Motel
run the circular *Plaza* dance hall
move up the church hill
right the three fallen crosses
trace the *whitewashed* *Mariachi* road.

We crumble a path

as we slide
house cats follow in a zigzag plunge
quail scatter as pull-toys
the hen leading her chicks.

And we are comfortable to cross over

the dual shadows of watching
of whispering
shuffling our small feet
towards café and empanadas.

And we are watching

And we are watching

We amend to the tongue
the fire **Catching Raindrops**

the flat hoses lifting water
the lifting us we splashed all morning
We are exploring the Dalmatians plate in a forked spray
walk the Pinal creek bed
under arched streets
under highway 60.

But we are more subtle
We leap across splintered railroad trestles
hold our breath
each missing tie balancing our shadows
loosened in the open spaces
shucking wild bamboo.

Other hands clothing the early morning
At *Bloody Tanks* we pierce at the flat clash
of calvary
of Apache
Geronimo illusively hovers at nearby *Apache Leap*
rifling through Superior's obsidian
we know he's still there
counting *Apache Tears*.

We are exploring
stop for iced cokes at Turner's Motel
In-com run the circular *Plaza* dance hall
move up the church hill
right the three fallen crosses
all log trace the *whitewashed M.*

We crumble a path
as we slide
house cats follow in a zigzag plunge
quail scatter as pull-toys
the hen leading her chicks.

We walk
And we are comfortable to cross over
the dual shadows of watching
of whispering
shuffling our small feet
towards café and empanadas.

chinks in the wall
for we are seeking features

We amend to the tongue
the fire house drill
the flat hoses lifting water
lifting us
tumbling the Dalmatians plate in a forked spray
as a vowel
raising the orphaned leash out of our vision.

But we are more subtle
unleashed in the banked prickly pear
validating its split fruit
busy with counting bees
bathing
feeding
clothing the early morning.

And all this sweetness
diverts us to animation
we shift through broken adobe walls
careful of the widow's hourglass
sniff for the mulch of snakes
the red velvet ant soldiering
its shadows announcing flood
decamping whole villages.

In-coming umbrellas of leaves
sawed beetles
mummified wing bones
all logged at a simple sprinkling of rain.

We are leaning toward maturity
the differences between Hotels and Cribs
the differences of transient
doctored
National and International.

We walk from the Hotel to the Cribs
nurse towards the tenacious bare linking testimony
to take inventory
our small I
exonerated in the keyholes
chinks in the wall
for we are seeking features

seeking faces
as we bend to the ground.

The monsoons have threatened all morning
first the sky darkens then splits intensely bright
but we focus towards the third element
rounding our eye in the 10x8 foot space.

We circle the unloosened braid
the oval sink
the slow hand swirled in rusted water
we list in the blue bottle a habit of palm prints
the arched throat.

Other hands measure the progress of sleep
the sparse bed
legs spilled over as renunciations
the supplicating face hovered over
to even the hips fatigue in otherwise formal greeting.

We watch between Suicide flavored shaved ice in pointed dunce caps
a conversation fan spreading a rainbow luminosity
slats held by un-weaving lace
holding us as humbled postures.

One other moment the grinding of teeth
creaks with the bed
quaking arms
recruiting the chest notable to our beaked mouths
we stagger back under our melting bleeding ice.

How weakly they wake
shadow to the other
as we travel from crib to crib
spinning our flattened cups on rooftops
initialing outside walls with our favorite cartoons
drawing circles with our limped un-nerved feet
dragging our legs from sleepiness
shaping small hearts in the sand.

Indistinguishable in the absorbed
silence a name rises with our kneeling
Pesos

Pescado
Priscilla.

And we hear it in full nakedness
the language we longed for
our discretions half-Spanish
half-Italian
bruising the stemmed and sudden arrow
darting our heads our bowed bodies
the final word *Listen*
and we are arched face-to-face
discover in the unblinking eye
a trembling as drops of cool rain
quiver on our foreheads
minnow down our backs.

And we all save our image
quicksilver on a spreading puddle
catching raindrops liberating the nervousness
of our temporal hearts.

is a ravishment considered
the dealings of constellations
out-of-kilter
canopied as day-glow virginal saints
all the accessories
plastic flowers and unlit candles.

So what is it that levitates us
our motions defined as angelical
our house pets whirl pooled in mercury
milagros in assumed postures.

What alchemist hovers
transferring water to blood
knowing all along
that this script of us
is a mixture of poetry and life
small differences in what we call physics.

Writing That Same Day

No gravity has an instinct of its own
rather a breath heavy in its separateness and outing
and we edge towards comprehension
thought ravished by its own heart
mindful as an adolescent tenor
it announces faith as a simple cup.

There is no such inquiry as writing
our adoptions discreet
our cutout crescent of moon
splays the body in a sudden victory
an appeal to rise in our privacy.

And to be alone that same day
is a ravishment considered
the dealings of constellations
out-of-kilter
canopied as day-glow virginal saints
all the accessories
plastic flowers and unlit candles.

So what is it that levitates us
our motions defined as angelical
our house pets whirl pooled in mercury
milagros in assumed postures.

What alchemist hovers
transferring water to blood
knowing all along
that this script of us
is a mixture of poetry and life
small differences in what we call physics.

Free Passage

Back in the trees
far back where our senses
do not penetrate
branches will crush thought.

Only a master tracker will contemplate
ones usual distance failing to acquaint
chewed bark with the deer.

The truth is you really never see it
the standing alone
a low whispering
as if confidences are what we want to say
but we seemingly gain free passage of the heart
the emptiness of longing
the adequate vanity that we wish to raise
our head and become like the deer.

So we recover on reason
the deers sudden crash through the trees
how it moves past us
its instinct to claim our thoughts
as a fatal aim.

The Pilgrimage With Certainty

These gentle attentions
the forgotten presence
luxurious in uselessness
of these we sense objects
those held required of frame
our want of domesticity
a certain perfection.

Is it so simple
the low reverent whispers
drawn by alliance with certainty
not to anyone particular
not to one that matters
not to one who cares
it is only the body that we wish to hold
--just before dawn we assist
toss bread crumbs to the sparrows
as trios part in clarity
as if all were habitual.

Should we question some urgency to awake
a lone raven servant to the wind
in its daily affair caws near the door
a taunt knowing
to find ourselves curled under its wing
cawing with it at the sun
rising in the eye.
a chorus of burro brush bends
where nothing puzzles.

The Physics of Nothingness

It went deep to the heart
the inestimable blessings of thought
careened from the talons of a red-tail hawk
what grey or brown blotted the eye
from its infrared firmness.

We have a certain lack of risk
what moves in the dark remains dark
nothing puzzles the Gods we amend.

So we are glad the hawk rises in its own way
what is small fortune
the small head of quail
or the wealthy fur of coati-mondi.

Before these images we may have counted in the palm
sugary beans of mesquite
then the hawk soars
collapses in what seems near falling
pulling at the shadows of saguaro
too soon to show its comparative slowness
the elf owl beaks up
as though fixed in its gaze as a heavy sleeper
and all night the hawk spirals
knocking on the fallen cholla
and we sensing somewhere in the distance
the flattened alarm of stilled javelinas
a chorus of burro brush bends
where nothing puzzles.

So howl as you lose knowledge
after all we deliver merely words
howl up some semblance
of prayer
of passion
lay after in the coyotes' private triumph.

Out of the corner of the eye
the coyotes take stock
of our ignorance as permanent favor
this habitation false familiarity
this legend

Coyotes' Element of Surprise

Always alone the coyote in its stunned expression
gives a spurious claim to mission
a secret sense of relief
its feat to chirp and yap endearments to its kind
its ability to walk out of sight.

This normalcy
the obligations
turbulent tranquility breaks absence.

The coyotes out of charitable gesture
enlarge this desert
give us the courage to confide in our shadows.

They go out of their way
to assure the purity of intention
indulging the fantasy
that we like them are sacrament.

Yet the coyotes rarely confess
we may want to go with them
in their buoyancy
escape the certain genius
leaving silence and invisibility.

How do we translate silence
a few ripples on consciousness
our insight dissipated.

So howl as you lose knowledge
after all we deliver merely words
howl up some semblance
of prayer
of passion
lay after in the coyotes' private triumph.

Out of the corner of the eye
the coyotes take stock
of our ignorance as permanent favor
this habitation false familiarity
this legend

This feeds its believed dream.
this process is an act of love

the phonetic snare which receives us.

Common Ground

This feeling

this process is an act of love
where neither speaks the taking of turns
the bull snake coiled as an afterthought
its head undulating
and the wild rabbit limp as a leap of its departure.

The differences of comfort

of approach
its your choice
the shaken faith
loosened and confirmed
given may be all you say
yet who will conduct the earlier passion
the blown breath

re-designing the world
the rabbit shaken to life
holds in the corridor of the palm
as if to listen
hidden from its own actions
receiving the holy order of prayer
the firm and deliberate tenderness
as it re-dresses our wounds.

In the alternate leaves of mesquite

monarchs are passing on their way to South America
Savena and Manuelita praise them as souls
twisting in the bark
layering between us in the salt cedar where
the blessings of flesh and heart alternate one to each
breaking in the scripture of wings a slow arch
trembling on closed poppies
circling trust to air
our body mingled anointed one by one
the fragility of our contented faces

gathered in the veiled shimmer of twilight
the wax and wane of wings
as they **Herding Moths** to deeper sleep.

They list in certainty
drawn by our held lamps
a herd of moths migrating in unified winged strokes
beating against our cuffs
our hands
our mouths
and with certain gracefulness we lift beneath
the affectations of blown cottonwood seeds
the ways in which we course to the light
as spelled shadows.

You may wholly imagine how we penetrate in the shafts
our body rippled under accountable drifts as you sleep
how we attend to the seances of light
in our descents.

So it is in this unholy fire
we are eclipsed by
the stirred alchemic brew of rising
and in each rounding mediation
we are upturned in this holy light
to acquaint countenance
our tumbling from the dark underground
to rise in our trembling passion
as the moths comfort our silence.

In the alternate leaves of mesquite
monarchs are passing on their way to South America
Savena and Manuelita praise them as souls
twisting in the bark
layering between us in the salt cedar where
the blessings of flesh and heart alternate one to each
breaking in the scripture of wings a slow arch
trembling on closed poppies
circling trust to air
our body mingled anointed one by one
the fragility of our contented faces

gathered in the veiled shimmer of twilight
the wax and wane of wings
as they lift us on the way to deeper sleep.

The underground mine rumblings
are resonance in the body of our names
the shame our fathers have felt when we toured them at work
all afternoon we draw maps in third-grade history
our geography
to school
to church remembered
to the mine shaft
where the barrier of the miners backs
turned in slowness
beheld our waving hands
and they breaking rock under a red shivering surface
as we called out our recognitions
the surfaced breath
as the men steadied
our attendant guide tracing the perfecting curve
of our tongues balanced by the boundary stone
of hand over eyes.

And we in recognition counted the blessings of our dollar lunches
why the men always placed a toothpick in the pocket
why the men wanted to give the impression
they ate steak every night instead of beans
and these motions attend us
the inseparable physics of our after image
lifted in the intimate daylight
cresting our hills
splayed in the heat of our ideal climate
mincing in innumerable muttering
the vertical mile shouldering syllables
the obedient affairs of our mapping
the horizon receiving all our weight.

And we pass through a raised circle of our tracing
our points of reference
the single silence as it gently rounds itself
as the language which assures
the communion of our bodies laboring
pressed in stone

One Needs Only To Listen

The underground mine rumblings
are resonance in the body of our names
the shame our fathers have felt when we toured them at work
all afternoon we draw maps in third-grade history
our geography
to school
to church remembered
to the mine shaft
where the barrier of the miners backs
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the vertical mile shouldering syllables
the obedient affairs of our mapping
the horizon receiving all our weight.

And we pass through a raised circle of our tracing
our points of reference
the single silence as it gently rounds itself
as the language which assures
the communion of our bodies laboring
pressed in stone

the shape of the finger pressed to the lip
the thin folds of mica split by the basin of our feet
our guiding path home as an echo.

The uncompromising soltol
its manner to root nearly to the wind itself
implants its varied bending
truant to the appraising prickly pear.

Will we be prepared in our common knowledge
to see the pummeling acquaintance of javelina
and of baleful eyes colored in the dark
their disdain at our crossing.

Then shall we turn elsewhere
the boulder tied to moons light
the rapturous rhymed couplets of agave
the flushed erection of blossoms witness to our vows

where we are coalesced
knotted in the mesquite
the inexhaustible creosote.

We simply walk
and we are relinquished in pollen grain
the special tenderness of quail
arranged intoning what we thought was God's language.

But all this little knowledge between us
of petals
of leaves
is flushed by rain
breaking in the mind
our grace of myth.

And all this done to greed
the rain fallen by brightness the wing taken by
folded as a wing.

And who will stay by the creek
gathering in leaves from the twilight shadows
or the dapples of the sun
knowing thought
drifted away.

Little More Than Common Knowledge

The uncompromising soltol

its manner to root nearly to the wind itself
implants its varied bending
truant to the appraising prickly pear.

Will we be prepared in our common knowledge

to see the pummeling acquaintance of javelina
and if baleful eyes colored in the dark
their disdain at our crossing.

Then shall we turn elsewhere

the boulder tied to moons light
the rapturous rhymed couplets of agave
the flushed erection of blossoms witness to our vows
where we are coalesced
knotted in the mesquite
the inexhaustible creosote.

We simply walk

and we are relinquished in pollen
the special tenderness of quail
arranged intoning what we thought was God's language.

But all this little knowledge between us

of petals
of leaves
is flushed by rain
breaking in the mind
our grace of myth.

And all this does us good

the rain fallen by brightness the wing taken in
folded as a wrist.

And who will stay by the creek

gathering in burro brush from twilights shadow
to the douglas fir and back
lowing through
drifted away

knowing
knowing too well
one scarcely drinks

Passions of A Naturalist

The raven at once senses presence
diminishes reflection
to receive grace its opaque eye seeming to nod
peppered its biography taken in parts rib-ridden
the claw twisted.

What will we know of its hurried glance
and if we were as sure as the neighboring curandera
would the heart leap
as a manner of speech
to eat here
to sleep here
to wash here.

The head shakes slowly
to say what one thinks as comfortable cover
the tender formality restored faith
that God passes as a small openness
a late riser to sacrifice the shaken twig
the broken arc singled in parched grain
wind hovered rolled up as a prayer.

The body in its partitions
the two coming together
the wing beak and eye
the recent arrival night warm and still
designs of dreamless sleep in common
lodgings
accents
contained edibility.

And all this does us good
the rain fallen by brightness the wing taken in
folded as a wrist.

And who will stay by the creek
gathering in burro brush from twilights shadow
to the douglas fir and back
lowing through
drifted away

knowing each part by heart
knowing too well
one scarcely drinks
offered water.

The vision a useful addition
as it disperses from juniper
from cedar
from creosote
nondescript compelling bees attaining the compact
anglicized visitor
gratefully folding
accepting as compliment the curved neck.

This is the gift
the present salary
the sanctuary of cactus wrens
allotted saguaros
premature emeralds
where three or four ruby-throated hummingbirds buzz like priests
slowly striking at whatever presents itself.

The curled castings of mesquite pods
held with some dignity
a script somewhat unformed
generous gestures where we may turn away
offering ourselves to sight.

And this fallen light
this blood
blood sugar will turn out to be
unshakably set as the absence
of certain consonants
the heron and whirling bee inspecting.

the heron and whirling bee inspecting
the desert in shadow
the desert in shadow
the desert in shadow
the desert in shadow

the desert in shadow
the desert in shadow
the desert in shadow
the desert in shadow
the desert in shadow
the desert in shadow
the desert in shadow
the desert in shadow

A Useful Addition

The visiting heron is a useful addition
as it disperses from juniper
from cedar
from creosote
nondescript compelling bees attaining the compact
anglicized visitor
gratefully folding
accepting as compliment the curved neck.

This is the gift
the present salary
the sanctuary of cactus wrens
allotted saguaros
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where three or four ruby-throated hummingbirds buzz like priests
slowly striking at whatever presents itself.

The curled castings of mesquite pods
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a script somewhat unformed
generous gestures where we may turn away
offering ourselves to sight.

And this fallen light
this blood
blood sugar will turn out to be
unshakably set as the absence
of certain consonants
the heron and whirling bee inspecting.

So the hand makes its journey
exploring
where the heart bleeds into itself
as a soft voice
its centuries of love
scrolled and embellished

known **Madam Leff's Mercantile**
some fragment of the soul.

There is always a casualty
cloth pressed around the hand
the silent attentive sorting of buttons
the rippling of silk
of velvet
where folds are filled by light
as if a crease has its own gravity.

At the rising of breath
we feel for the pulse
open vests
what host is taken
the skylight
a temporary temple
where garments are crescents
a cauldron of indigo
of chartreuse
where levitations are demitasse.

And we rise the gentle cup
of conversation
lean towards a dress
to clear the tongue
open the body
its language of needles
embroidery
fallen comments.

And we go into private rooms
incising these portals of labor
the emotive dweller
visible through shifting shapes
still and inattentive as a flame.

So the hand makes its journey
exploring
where the heart bleeds into itself
as a soft voice
its centuries of love
scrolled and embellished

known in its giving
some fragment of the soul.

On our way to Apache trail
to Globe Arizona
to the Spudnut Donut Shack
we cross the Southern Pacific cattle-guard
wince in the stirrups
the nervousness of new horseshoes sparking over the rails.
All afternoon we have ridden fence rounding the strays
the broken-heart branded cattle of our Apache neighbors
and we cousins are of age
to once have heard passengers gossip on the Globe-Miami Stage
as it rounded Central Heights cemetery
that these quiet off-reservation Apaches
triangular space of land were as Baltic Avenue
to the county play of monopoly
we whispering to each gossip
lose your turn or do not pass go
go directly to jail
for we were raised on manners
knowing our honest bargains equaled labor and leisure.

And we circle the cattle
cutting out wandering goats
and we springing chickens
while our uncles trade grappa for beaded chaps
freight for horsetail quilts and fry bread
and we dismount to join in the roped sofas
the experience of the last cattle drive from Mexico to Austin
as we adjust the radio dials of rusting Thunderbirds
all overturned Plymouths
we nudge in the air
the pointed star-spangled
toe of our boots a pressing of accelerations
the our premiums to insure the horse power of our imaginations
how we all gathered to receive
the national tattoo
the entire world
the entire world
the entire world

Little Hollywood

On our way to Apache trail
to Globe Arizona
to the *Spudnut Donut Shack*
we cross the Southern Pacific cattle-guard
wince in the stirrups
the nervousness of new horseshoes sparking over the rails.
And to ease our shock *Bacon's Boots and Saddlery* offered
All afternoon we have ridden fence rounding the strays
the broken-heart branded cattle of our Apache neighbors
at Little Hollywood
and we cousins are of age
to once have heard passengers gossip on the Globe-Miami Stage
as it rounded Central Heights cemetery
that these quiet off-reservation Apaches
triangular space of land were as Baltic Avenue
to the county play of monopoly
we whispering to each gossip
lose your turn or do not pass go
go directly to jail
for we were raised on manners
knowing our honest bargains equaled labor and leisure.
And we circle the cattle
cutting out wandering goats
and we springing chickens
while our uncles trade grappa for beaded chaps
for horsetail quirts and fry bread
and we dismount to join in the roped sofas
the experience of the last cattle drive from Mexico to Austin
as we adjust the radio dials of rusting Thunderbirds
all overturned Plymouths
we nudge in the air
the pointed star-spangled
toe of our boots a pressing of accelerations
our premiums to insure the horse power of our imaginations
how we all gathered to receive
the national tattoo
the elder of Little Hollywood
hoists up this days flag-- *Sputnik*
hovering over Little Hollywood

our polio vaccine *on potato of the Spudnut Shack*
knowing we were chosen children
rounded up at the Gila County Courthouse steps
reassembling the new third line for us Mexican-Americans
measured by our communal shivering as Geiger counters
sensing the metal needled apparition in unity
as military doctors and nurses cut out our names
branding on the arm our likeness.

And to ease our shock *Bacon's Boots and Saddlery* offered
las reata's as lariats
photographs of wranglers as *vaqueros*
plastic Winchester thirty-odd six rifles
the drawings of past famous brands
BY for Brigham Young
and these we carefully etched on fenceposts
the three crosses †††
of *Hernando de Cortez*
the looped head U
of *Cabeza de Vaca*.

We drew in and rested on the Los Angeles radio signal
Johnny Horton's *North to Alaska*
rounded our chorus as a wheelbarrow spilling out shapes
whales
polar bears
masks split in smiles and frowns
and we gravitated in this new wilderness
our uncles gambling in rodeo bets
freighting Apache wickiups and adobe bunkhouses
boxcars of *Miami Copper*
flatcars of cedar white pine and douglas fir
stockcars of our longhorns and quarter-horses
all following Walt Disney with his Disneyland camera crew
mounting riding behind honking horns in *Queen Creek Tunnel*
circling the edges of our frybread bologna sandwiches
dispatching in our viewfinders
the cartoon shape of *Devil's Canyon*
Coyote and Roadrunner flattened as fallen arrows
as Pacholi the Apache warrior
the elder of Little Hollywood
hoists up this days flag-- *Sputnik*
hovering over Little Hollywood

curving off the neon *potato* of the *Spudnut Shack*
dividing in the cattle guard
as it ricochets off and into the window space

We are waiting of the passing stage.
we are to open
our paper lists pinned to the cuffs of our shirts
we sit in our *Western Flyer* wagons
shoot marbles in the beds.

The adjoining garage is busy
with the clanking of dropped tire rods
the hiss of air hoses
the cranking of jacks
the bell ringing of pumped gasoline.

It is Thursday-bonus day and we all stock up for our incentives
our fathers sizing tires for their trucks
our brothers for button-fly levis
our sisters for oxfords
our mothers for lilac water and Revlon.

We know the store by heart
the raised caged office
the received *whooshed* copper tumbler
as it is vacuum tubed from each department
our signatures sent and channeled
our racing beneath to acquire our ok'd credits.

The store opens and we carry our lists to each department
for shoe laces
for kerchiefs
for cotton balls
for erasers and *Big Red* writing tablets.

Before we load our wagon's
we gather at the soda fountain for fresh lime-aids
grilled cheese sandwiches and pickle chips.

In the grocery aisles we marvel at the abundance of cereals
boxed foods with the magic promise
of mashed potato
of instant rice
of Tang the breakfast of Astronauts

Miami Copper Company Store

We are waiting for the Company store to open
our paper lists pinned to the cuffs of our shirts
we sit in our *Western Flyer* wagons
shoot marbles in the beds.

The adjoining garage is busy
with the clanking of dropped tire rods
the hiss of air hoses
the cranking of jacks
the bell ringing of pumped gasoline.

It is Thursday-bonus day and we all stock up for our incentives
our fathers sizing tires for their trucks
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for kerchiefs
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for erasers and *Big Red* writing tablets.

Before we load our wagon's
we gather at the soda fountain for fresh lime-aids
grilled cheese sandwiches and pickle chips.

In the grocery aisles we marvel at the abundance of cereals
boxed foods with the magic promise
of mashed potato
of instant rice
of *Tang* the breakfast of Astronauts

of canned refried beans
none of us knows anyone named Rosarita.

Our lists direct us to the butcher's shop
the saw-dusted floor lifts our senses
the magic of butcher paper and string
and these butchers are always jolly
wrapping soup bones for our families
wrapping scraps for our cats and dogs
marking the bundles with bold
and perfect XXX's for a no-charge.

Adolf calls us over to the cheese and dairy
burlaps of *stinky* cheese
Wisconsin Swiss with mazes of holes
the imports of France of Switzerland of Holland
we each receiving in paper cups curds and whey
as Adolph carefully pulls out of tins
of crates
of barrels
the special treats of miniature maps and erotic names.

We pull the yoke on our wagon's
load in papered sacks
lemons
cilantro
pinto beans and corn husks
we round the floor scale measure our weights
scurry for one last look at the lone free standing freezer
our amazement as we look inside
four tight stacks of boxes with their photographed images
we think of holiday family plates
of turkey
of fried chicken
of meatloaf
of sticks of fish
but we are weary of them
there is no one touching this food
no Manuel to shuck the corn for us
no Bernadine to ask us which bread roll we want
no Eric to lift this meat with his fork to paper
there is no one to bless this food
by touching

by smelling
by tasting.

As children we were all taught the danger of heat

The register line opens

and we rush for the chance to pull the corded dowel
our orders penciled
averaged

We were the insertion of inked copy sheets

the pride in our penmanship

the returned cylinder *whooshing* with our bonus

the passing of fulfilling this days needs

July was the heat as the cashier leans down

pins the receipt to the point of our collars

telephones our mothers

saying we are on our way home

saying we stayed with the list

saying we were well-mannered

receiving the pink slip for our bonus at the confection counter

But we knew one all-day bullet popsicle

sunflower seeds and ropes of red licorice.

that women flashed up from their beds

that men and dogs wailed with turned backs.

We all passed the house

and wondered at the smouldering roof

We saw the melted ceramic doorknobs

the plastic hoola-hoop vibrating on the heat as if it had nerves

the crinkling of a petticoat sprung from its red-hot hanger.

We were told that this fire

held him who dared to smoke in bed

We were told that this fire

held her who dared to sleep near lit candles

held them who dared to leave a hot plate burning.

Soon after we heard the stories of *Stone-Soup*

The Boy who Cried Wolf

and we took inventory all summer of our forgetfulness

returned the knife after shared watermelon

returned the spoons from our mud-hills

returned the matches from our piggy banks

stopped smoking our imaginary pipes

as we made pools for our sea divers and *Woolworth*

five-for-a-quarter turtles.

Cauldron

As children we were all taught the danger of heat

In the hot dry of steaming stews
of boiled milk
of fermenting wine.

We were taught at school

Chief Nichols showed us how we should hold our heads
between our knees and breathe lightly.

July was the hot month

we practiced sliding down the school chutes
took dares to annoy the clerk at Castro's TV and appliances
we took dares to shun our shoes
tempt the jointed tails of scorpions
carry horned toads in our cupped hands.

But we knew little of the passions of fire

how the nights grew siren crazy
that women flashed up from their beds
that men and dogs wailed with turned backs.

We all passed the house

and wondered at the smouldering roof
the melted ceramic doorknobs
the plastic hoola-hoop vibrating on the heat as if it had nerves
the crinkling of a petticoat sprung from its red-hot hanger.

We were told that this fire

held him who dared to smoke in bed
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stopped smoking our imaginary pipes
as we made pools for our sea divers and *Woolworth*
five-for-a-quarter turtles.

None of us admitted **Dousing** lid bats at dusk through bamboo
and barrel cactus
shooting jackrabbits

In the hot dry summer
Rosa's paper flowers gathered dust and Lucrecia's *day of the dead* skull candies
melted in our pockets
After V as we scurried past centipedes
legs fingering stones like castanets creek
and entered the *Blessed Mary* church bus-stop
shook for we attended only to see
possibly to touch coarse Spanish lace of the ladies-of-leisure
as we kneeled drawing up in our flared nostrils
scents of wax far as our arches would allow
leaned ball bearings Necco wall like Jimmy Dean
as we exotic perfume to Phoenix to Albuquerque bus
pumpkin seeds
and blasting powder.
and returning fallen stars.

We walked with these South American ladies-of-leisure
to the shell shaped vestibule
dipped our hands next to theirs in the holy water
splashed the barrettes in our hair
as they flicked their fans slowly and winked.

We imagined from the pews the touch of tongue to hand
the offering of our *Necco* wafers
we imagined behind the copper door of the confessional
the priest as Richard Burton palming his cross at prayer
delivering us from our own passion.

We practiced hymns
circling in our courtyards the lowing of supplicating Brides of Christ
we traded all week *Star and Romance* magazines
lingered at the baptismal where we swore Ava Gardner
danced rhumba with the Martinez brothers shaking maracas.

We met at Bernstein's Jewel Box
bought matching plastic earrings
faceted necklaces
laced gloves and *Evening in Paris* cologne.

None of us admitted darting pallid bats at dusk through bamboo
and barrel cactus
shooing jackrabbits
catching lizards
imagining them iguanas as we noosed them to porch railings
fed them raw eggs and strips of tortillas.

After Wednesday night sermons
we scattered down and through the creek
to Blackman's Mobil and Greyhound bus-stop
shook our small bottles of iced coke
measured the foam before swallowing
smoothed our torn jeans
bent our red Keds as far as our arches would allow
leaned against the stucco wall like Jimmy Dean
as we waited for the LA to Phoenix to Albuquerque bus
full of foresters
ensigns
returning fallen stars.

And all the families of Glass Canyon are kind to us
helping us make magic for Arnold knowing his leukemia
stalked closer then we wanted but we held together
shared our *Baby Ruths*
Pot's o' Gold
Blackjack and *Teaberry Gums* and popcorn.

As we pulled the velvet curtain back
we lowered our heads stepped lightly through the dark aisles
and we hunched with *Frankenstein's Monster*
held our hand out to touch before stumbling to our seats.

At intermission we ran outside
leaned on the bridges
searched for storms and castles in Pinal's Signal Peak
looked towards the *Blessed Mary* church bell tower
where black-capped chickadee's dived in and out
across the *La Paloma's* sign
the neon *dove* levitated in the blue light cast winged shadows
across the restaurant window
hovered over steaming plates of rice and beans.

Glass Canyon inside the Grand Theater

Carmen and Arnold cover for us as we sneak
down Inspiration stairway
cut through backyards
hide in the ivy
for we are daring to cross the highschool junior
highschool senior's pathway
we are hoping for quick kisses in the shadows
we are hoping to see the coupled steadies
we are really in trouble if we are caught.

All weekend we play *king of the hill*
Hollywood hopscotch
stop at the Butler's house
to marvel at Mrs. Butler's college yearbook
with her photo next to Lloyd Bridges
and we are always given little sandwiches
as she makes us play the card game *Authors*
before attending the *Grand Theater* matinees.

And all the families of Glass Canyon are kind to us
helping us make magic for Arnold knowing his leukemia
stalked closer then we wanted but we held together
shared our *Baby Ruths*
Pot's o' Gold
Blackjack and *Teaberry* Gums and popcorn.

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where black-capped chickadee's dived in and out
across the *La Paloma's* sign
the neon *dove* levitated in the blue light cast winged shadows
across the restaurant window
hovered over steaming plates of rice and beans.

Carmen ushers us back inside the *Grand Theater*

we lead each other to seats

In second we raise our hands to the screen -dance contest

carry the villager's torches as other children jeer and shout

we learn not to "Sit Down!" Monsters beware of its vise grip

and the names of our surrounding ranges

On our way home

we adjust our eyes to the brilliance of the sun

cross over the bridges and White Mountains.

double check for cars across highway 60

Our teachers hurry up the canyon grades together in the Inspiration Addition schoolyard

each of us splitting off the trail small friends as we practice

each of us waving

our enlarged heads butt in the shadows.

Before summer arrived

we all climbed the hill to Arnold's

to bring our lighted candles

to hold Arnold's mother's hand under her raised rosary

The kids to watch Arnold's face under the doctor's stethoscope

turn chalk green and powdery

they try to watch his palms open

the first ready to receive whatever fell into them.

and the truant officer's dead eye

the third-graders are trying to get us in trouble

by spinning off the strained synchronicity of our group whistling.

And it's time

the photographer has called from the Public Library

the teachers are in a frenzy

and we are filed through the schoolyard gates

we are marching stepping high

we are rising and lowering in the canyons

the principal reminding us we are off to meet Governor Mc Farland.

Our teachers are prompting our courage

we imagine the victory of blown bridges

we imagine the ascension of nightfall

we are one general flow towards destruction.

Our Librarian Miss Sheves'

holds our sway on the library steps

our constant whistling

Comparable Ranges

In second grade we win the state square-dance contest
in fourth we learn to track bobcat and white-tailed deer
we learn not to pick up Gila Monsters beware of its vise grip
and the names of our surrounding ranges
Sierra Ancha
Four Peaks
Superstition and White Mountains.

Our teachers group all four grades together in the Inspiration Addition schoolyard
and we are embarrassed for our small friends as we practice
the march and whistling of British soldiers
in our cuffed shorts and white kerchiefs.

We all whisper "why are we dressed this way?"
as we break in step
move in unison to our principal's baton.

The kindergartners are wild as we are taken to the auditorium to watch
The Bridge on the River Kwai
they trade seats and make faces
the first-graders are scared of Mrs. Bates' window hook
and the truant officer's dead eye
the third-graders are trying to get us in trouble
by spinning off the strained synchronicity of our group whistling.

And it's time
the photographer has called from the Public Library
the teachers are in a frenzy
and we are filed through the schoolyard gates
we are marching stepping high
we are rising and lowering in the canyons
the principal reminding us we are off to meet Governor Mc Farland.

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we imagine the victory of blown bridges
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we are one general flow towards destruction.

Our Librarian Miss Sheves'
holds our sway on the library steps
our constant whistling

our imaginary British postures
sweat brimmed hats and rolled sleeves
as we shuffle in positions
as we try for the library door
as we try to slip low in the crowd
and all this briefly limits our curiosity of Miss Sheves' octopi
held in formaldehyde.

But we were not to be absorbed in the deep jungle
or caught next to the libraries Devil Fish and transparent globes
of oceans
of universes
of the world

for our whistling wavered with Governor Mc Farland's passing
at the photographer's final release

we burst from the piercing of our image
up Adonis Avenue

following Miss Sheves' to *Pauline's*
where we regained our comparable ranges
where we shed our kerchiefs
unrolled our sleeves
sucked on hot butter and chili tortillas
on salted plums
until we cooled down with iced tea.

We are know as children of the community
we have hundreds of mothers
respect our fathers
we are all cousins.

We run from the canyons
from our homes
we have finished our chores and gather at the *Grand Theater*
this is our payday
we offer our quarters for numbered tickets
we flock to the concession window
rush past the curtain to our seats
some of us try to sneak up the balcony
to see if the projectionist is alone or with a girl.

Vincent Price looms at us as we suck on *Sugar Daddies*
Valerio finds the free marker on his stick and gives it to Jesus
for we are accommodating under the scams of the *Baron of Arizona*

look at **Working Outside the Home** at ourselves
look at the Hollywood vision of our deserts
our mountains

Our beds are made
the yard is swept
our wagons are filled with groceries
we've collected mail
we've stopped by the Russian woman's Used Furniture store
for freshly roasted pumpkin seeds she sorts in the folds of her dress
we lean to collect them as she pats our faces and tells us
we have beautiful skin.

We go down Sullivan Street
past the *Vandal Inn*
past *Rexall Drugs*
the *Real Market*.

We follow Mrs. Gutierrez
share our seeds with her trailing monkey
promise to bathe it after the matinee
we are greeted by shopkeepers
the cooks at *El Rey*
at *La Paloma*
at *Renteria's*.

We are known as children of the community
we have hundreds of mothers
respect our fathers
we are all cousins.

We run from the canyons
from our homes
we have finished our chores and gather at the *Grand Theater*
this is our payday
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Vincent Price looms at us as we suck on *Sugar Daddies*
Valerio finds the free marker on his stick and gives it to Jesus
for we are accommodating under the scams of the *Baron of Arizona*

look at the actress look at Maria look at ourselves
look at the Hollywood vision of our deserts
our mountains
our accents.

The Baron insults us
he has not entered our homes
he does not know our names
we etch under the broad brim of his hat
our curious logic
our cheerful defiance as Valerio our deemed king of the day
holds his box of popcorn high
rushes down the aisle into the projector's rupturing clatter
Valerio is broken and shifted
as he meets the screen wall
helps swing the noose over the tree limb
popcorn spilling as small explosions of stones.

The vigilantes of the screen rush towards Valerio
and we balance them all in the reward of our unified laughter
Valerio escaping them all
the usher claiming his territorial rights
the *Baron* and Valerio let loose.

As the theater house lights go up
announcing an intermission lottery
Valerio is allowed to stay for the second feature
by sweeping the balcony
tossing shreds of wrappers
found combs
bent papered 3-D glasses
as documents
as forgotten testimonies that we are on occasion
privileged to sit under the shifting
showering light of the projector.

All this searching
found us children thirsty
gathered over the firm round flowing head
and holy liquid of the *Dairy Queen* water fountain.

Shrapnel

It was the simple adoration to sense her phrase as shrapnel
how she was lodged in the heart long after
She kept nickels in a jar bowling pins in the *Claypool Bowling Alley*
called them her saving chariots
our mothers said she had *maladies du pay*
and we whispered the words because they were foreign and beautiful.

And we wondered at the young Yugoslavian woman
as her hair glowed white in the corner of the tailor's shop
she seemed threaded to the stool and bundles of cloth
as steam scattered above her
dampened her half-eaten apricots
figs and peaches.

We whispered *maladies du pay* as we idled at the doorway
her hands rising in the heated lamps red as pomegranates.

Her image pierced us as we passed the shop at night
she still working through the starching of shirts
her laced shawl feathering her face
and we attributed *maladies du pay*
to the fishhook shaped thorns of the barrel cactus
to alley cats and the cheese boats at the *Apache Drive-In*
we assigned the phrase to the waltzing patrons of the *Sunset Bar*
it carried over to our seasonal apprehensions of *La Llorona*.

And we imagined her wandering with her mother
searching for her children
hovering on the strings of Savena Salazar's violin.

The phrase doubled back lifting lightly
in the fallen leaves of the tree-of-heaven
swirled in the rain-barrel where we bathed Mrs. Gutierrez' monkey
it perched briefly in the quaking aspens
followed Queen Creek to Pinal
maladies du pay
maladies du pay.

All this searching
found us children thirsty
gathered over the firm round flowing head
and holy liquid of the *Dairy Queen* water fountain.

Combination Plates

It was the simple adoration to sense her phrase as shrapnel
how she was lodged in the heart long after
Under the calamity of bowling pins in the *Claypool Bowling Alley*
spilled our memory of her
leaving us bundled horehound
foreign coins tied to colored threads.

and we formulate in our unified promenade
to acknowledge bankers
teachers
miners retrieving orders-to-go in boxes
our doctors and visitors
announcing the past bounty of our ghostly streets.

And we lift in these subtle moments
the well-ought reputation of our restaurants
La Paloma and *El Rey* their art to restore in us all
combination plates.

For we greet at nearby tables
the sincere formalities of our folded tortillas
the dousing of red chili
the chimichanga which newcomers view as exotic.

And we laugh in the perfection of our beans
as the accordions lift from their rounded vinyl
the offerings of the signatures of our tamales
bought by the dozens and shipped elsewhere.

And the cooks nurse with great patience
scrolls of independent desires
carefully arrange a combination of plates
as forks
as spoons clatter in the hundreds of sermons
as each opened mouth offers the tongue a rise in adolescence
a billiard of sensations
as each chalks the cue of memory
the conversions of our ideal climate
our hovering between hot and cold.

For here we are destined to fill the air with its multiple seasonings
the variety of our names
our *will* to illuminate in pleasant arrangements this daily activity

Combination Plates

Under black velvet bullfighters
pinatas of roosters of stars
our neighbor's as waitresses serve us
our childhood cooks wave greetings
and we formulate in our unified promenade
to acknowledge bankers
teachers
miners retrieving orders-to-go in boxes
our doctors and visitors
announcing the past bounty of our ghostly streets.

And we lift in these subtle moments
the well-sought reputation of our restaurants
La Paloma and *El Rey* their art to restore in us all
combination plates.

For we greet at nearby tables
the sincere formalities of our folded tortillas
the dousing of red chili
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Mining Terms

Adit- is a vertical passage from the earth's surface into a mine.
Crosscut- is a passage whose direction is at right or sharp angles to the trend of the geologic structures in a mine.
Drift- is a passage that has been driven along or parallel to the course of a vein.

Footwall- is the wall or zone of rock under an inclined vein. It is beneath the miner's feet as he excavates the ore.

Gangue- is the worthless material mixed with the ore in a mineral deposit.

Hanging Wall- is the wall or zone of rock above an inclined vein. It hangs above the miner as he excavates the ore.

Level- is the group of drifts and crosscuts made at one depth in an underground mine. Miners usually develop several levels, each at a different depth.

Outcrop- is the exposed surface of a mineral deposit.

Overburden- is the soil or rock that covers a mineral deposit.

Raise- is a passage driven upward from a lower level toward an upper level in an underground mine.

Shaft- is a vertical passage from the earth's surface into a mine. It is shaped like an elevator shaft.

Stope- is an underground excavation formed by the removal of ore between one level and the next in a mine.

Sump- is an excavation made at the bottom of a shaft to collect water in order to remove it from a mine.

Tunnel- is a horizontal underground passage that opens to the surface at both ends.

Vein- is a mineral deposit with definite boundaries that separate it from the surrounding rock.

Winze- is a passage that has been driven downward from a level in an underground mine.

Mining Terms

Adit- is a nearly horizontal passage from the earth's surface into a mine.

Crosscut- is a horizontal mine passage whose direction is at right or sharp angles to the directions of the veins or other geologic structures in a mine.

Drift- is a horizontal mine passage that has been driven along or parallel to the course of a vein.

Footwall- is the wall or zone of rock under an inclined vein. It is beneath the miner's feet as he excavates the ore.

Gangue- is the worthless material mixed with the ore in a mineral deposit.

Hanging Wall- is the wall or zone of rock above an inclined vein. It hangs above the miner as he excavates the ore.

Level- is the group of drifts and crosscuts made at one depth in an underground mine. Miners usually develop several levels, each at a different depth.

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